

THE
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
RECORD

John Trifiro



APRIL,
BOSTON,

1934
MASS.

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A Famous School

Earl M. Benson

Mr. Benson, of the English department, who is spending his sabbatical year in London, sent us the following article, which should be of interest to every American school boy.

—Editor's Note

A FAMOUS SCHOOL

THE public school in England is "public" in name only. In fact the English public school resembles very much the preparatory schools in America. This type of school is very exclusive and the annual fees are very high. The oldest and best vary in their charges from two to three hundred pounds a year. The ability to pay these fees does not mean that a boy can secure admission. All of the oldest schools have a very long waiting list, boys being enrolled at birth in many cases. I talked with a sixth form boy at Eton who told me that he was registered by his parents at the age of eight months. Most of the great men in the public affairs of England received their training in these schools. A larger number of Oxford and Cambridge men are public school boys.

Harrow is one of the oldest and best known of these institutions. Founded nearly half a century before the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, it has prepared thousands of English boys for their life work. Among the illustrious sons are Byron, Richard B. Sheridan, Anthony Trollope, Peel, Palmerston, Stanley Baldwin and Winston Churchill.

The boys wear a distinctive dress, a blue flannel coat, gray flannel trousers, white collar and black bow tie, and a white straw hat, (Summer and Winter) with a dark blue ribbon. The last is note-worthy for its very wide brim and shallow crown. This is kept from falling off by a black elastic band which passes around the back of the head. If a boy has played on the cricket team, he is given the privilege of wearing a hat of

speckled straw. It did seem strange to see over six hundred boys running about the school ground on a morning early in February, all wearing this summer headgear. On Sundays the boys appear in formal dress, which consists of tail-coats and dark striped trousers.

In the early days of the school the first class began at six o'clock. This was followed by breakfast, and then school continued until nearly six at night. Today classes do not begin until half past seven. Boys preparing for Oxford and Cambridge read a great deal of Greek and Latin, less French and German. They have a very thorough course in English consisting of several Shakespearean plays and much written composition. In addition to mathematics and history they have a very intensive course in the Bible.

The most popular sport is cricket, which begins in May. From late Fall until the end of April soccer and rugby are played. It may be of interest to know that "soccer" received its name at Harrow. Hand ball, called "fives" here, because it is played with five fingers, is very common, the "fives" courts are filled every afternoon. Every boy must learn to swim in the "Duck Puddle" before he leaves the school. The playing fields are more extensive than those at Harvard. Cricket requires a field fully as large as our game of football, and when I tell you that Harrow has twenty cricket fields you can imagine the space that is covered. On the other side of the hill, for the school buildings are on a very high hill, there are just as extensive grounds for football and military drill.

One picture shows the boys lined up for daily roll call or "bill", the other is a view of the headmaster's desk and the panelled wall filled with the names of boys. Formerly every boy carved his name upon the wall, today the school authorities charge a fee of five shillings and do it for him.



BOY'S LINED UP FOR "BILL"



FOURTH FORM ROOM

Courtesy of A. G. Cooke

Bluff

James A. Mitchell

BANKING is such a dull business. I wish I were back in college playing football or even arguing with a professor."

"When you're as old as I am, you'll be glad to get a little quiet, young fellow. But I suppose working in a little town's bank does become boring. I felt that way once myself, I think."

"I wonder if all the sons of bank presidents have to start as clerks?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

The little old man looked over the rims of his glasses with a surprised expression in his face. He was utterly taken aback by this unexpected query. The tall, slim clean-cut young man who stood at his side saw his companion's perplexity and laughed softly.

Any further discourse was cut short by the entrance of four well dressed men. One of them stepped forward and asked for the president, Mr. Ross.

"My father is out on business at present and will not be in for quite a while, but if it is any thing personal, I am his son, Arthur, and will probably be able to take care of it. However, if it is about the bank, Mr. Stearn here will handle it," said the young clerk.

The gentleman smiled ironically, "You'll do very well." Meanwhile one of the men took from the inside of his coat a large placard bearing the message, "Closed all day" and placed it in the door window.

"See here," cried Mr. Stearn, "It's all right for you to have your little joke, but we must do business."

The spokesman of the group drew from the inside of a brief case he carried, a black steel sub-machine gun.

"You'll soon see that we mean business. Keep your hands high above your head."

He ordered the two other clerks to do likewise, one of his assistants searched them for weapons.

"Walk into the vault now and show me the safety deposits," the bandit leader said quietly.

The four men who worked in the bank went quickly into the room at the back counter, at the gun point of desperate men. The vault door was open and the men went in followed by the robbers. Now although this was an old bank, the safe was of the latest type, it opened and closed with a time lock, contained all the valuables and most of the ready cash. It had been installed by the president at his son's advice and Arthur took charge of it. It was well lit by a number of lights on the walls, and its total size was about twelve by sixteen.

The leader of the gang peered along the numbers on the few deposit boxes while two more ransacked

the trays of the money containers, and a fourth man covered the clerks with the machine gun.

"Where is box forty one?" shouted the gangleader becoming excited. "Oh — I've got it."

He took from his pocket a small stick and placed it between grooves of the door, stepped quickly back and a small detonation was heard. The door was bent out but still prevented any possibility of securing the contents. The gangster picked up a pole and started to pry it open.

Although all this meant nothing to Mr. Stearn and the two other clerks, Arthur knew that in that box lay a fortune in uncut diamonds, and this was undoubtedly their object. He thought hard of a method by which to foil them but his wits were dulled. He tried telling them that there was nothing in that box but he was only laughed at and threatened for offering advice.

"Step on it," said one. "It's twelve."

The four clerks looked at each other with terrified glances. For an instant naught could be heard save the prying of the crowbar, then with a dull rumble and click the vault door slid shut. The lights went out.

"We're trapped," shouted a voice.

A flashlight penetrated the darkness. Arthur saw the clerks shrinking against the wall and three of the robbers pounding on the safe door. The leader was holding the flashlight.

"Come back here!" he cried to his men. "Don't lose your head. Now you," he pointed to Arthur, "How can you open this thing from the inside?"

"It can't be done," said Arthur calmly. "It's all operated by an electric clock."

"Then when will we be able to get out?"

Arthur smiled. "The door will open at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"But we can't live eighteen hours in this room. We'll die of suffocation!" exclaimed the frightened gunman.

"Exactly."

"But there must be some way to get out. Can't we shout till someone hears us?"

"The door is too thick," said Arthur. "Why, even that machine gun couldn't be heard in the office."

After hearing this the rest of the bandits lost all courage and one of them began to moan in a corner. The clerks, although they seemed frightened, were not so downcast in their spirits and they talked together softly. The bandit chief alone seemed undaunted. He left Arthur and sat down by himself to think. Arthur then joined Mr. Stearn and his friends, there to diagnose the situation, uninterrupted except when the leader's flashlight fell upon them.

About ten minutes had elapsed when the leader suddenly jumped up and went to the door. "I've got it!" he cried. "Come here." He motioned to Arthur, who arose and followed him.

"You see this hinge?" he cried excitedly. "Well, I'm going to blow it off with the machine gun."

All the others crowded around hopefully, listening carefully to his idea. But he had only said the first few words and then the clerks knew it was useless. Why, if he understood the least thing about safes, they said, he would know better than that. They feared the excitement had turned his head.

"It's got to work," he shouted feverishly.

The rest laughed at him, even his own men did not believe it would work.

"Don't do that," said Mr. Stearn. "It will only use lots of air in firing those cartridges. Here, you convince him, Arthur."

But it seemed Arthur had gone mad, too. "Sure that's an excellent idea," he said, and then turning to the rest, "Get back every one, we'll have this done in a moment."

"You know it's impossible, Arthur," said one of the clerks.

"Just you watch," he said slyly.

The leader took the gun in his grasp and pointing it at the hinge he pressed the trigger. A thundering roar ensued; a cloud of smoke came forth.

"I'll bet that did it!" he cried.

But when Arthur turned the flashlight on the door it was unblemished. The lead slugs had ricocheted without hurting the hinge in the least.

"You're slanting it too much," said Arthur. "I'll show you."

Again the desperate leader tried, with no more success than before.

"Give it to me," Arthur shouted, "Watch!"

He took the gun from the disgusted robber's hands and before any one could realize what had happened, he pointed the gun at the bandit's head and ordered him to put his hands up.

"What difference does it make?" he cried. "We'll all die together here."

"The only ones who will die will be those who disobey me," said Arthur. "Now get over in that corner and hold your hands high above your head. Mr. Stearn, search the rest for arms."

Mr. Stearn did as he was told without asking questions, then took the flashlight and kept it shining on them.

"I had an idea you were trying to get the gun, Arthur," said Mr. Stearn, "but what good does it do now? The chances are we won't be able to open this safe."

"No, but it will open itself tomorrow morning."

"Meanwhile we shall have died."

"No," laughed Arthur, "that was just a bluff. If you go down to the end of the safe and hold your hand high you will feel a draft. The vault is ventilated."

"What!" shouted the bandit, preparing to leap at them.

"Make yourself at home, boy. The sheriff will be glad to see you in the morning."

* * *

The sheriff however did not have to wait so long, for about eleven that night Mr. Ross called and told him something was wrong at the bank. So they both walked down there and after investigating they discovered a piece of paper caught in the groove of the safe. After a few deductions the sheriff decided that they had better look in the safe to see if all was alright. You can imagine his surprise when he saw four bandits walking out, followed by Arthur and the hand machine gun.

"Fine job," he commented. "If ever you lose your position at the bank, there's one in my office for you."

"Thanks," said Arthur, "but say, how do you fire this gun? I can't. If they had resisted me I couldn't have done anything about it."

"Huh! Why all you ha— Mercy," shrieked the sheriff, "it's empty!"

For a moment silence, then unrestrained laughter shook the office.

"Yesterday's ball game must have been dreadfully gruesome!"

"Why do you say that, Sadie?"

"Well father said that fourteen players died on the bases."

The Swashbuckler (in melodrama)—Another stoop of wine, varlet, dost hear?

Flustered Super (promoted to small part) Dost where?

The Swashbuckler (rising to occasion and clutching throat)—Dust here!

Sweet young thing:—Have you any passion poppy?
Old florist (quite flustered)—Gol-ding-you jes wait tell I put down these roses.

1st senior:—How come you and Mary didn't dance much last night?

2nd Senior:—Oh, for petty reasons.

Lyar:—What's your name?

Lyev:—John.

"I mean your full name?"

"It's John whether I'm full or not."

School Notes

Chemistry Club

Like the other clubs of the school the Chemistry Club is just cramming its outside activities full of the most instructive enjoyment. Any place that chemistry in its practical utility can be seen is a place you will find they have on their list. Their latest is the Domino Sugar Refineries. Anyone who wishes to join these visits is as welcome as the members. Plan to visit at least one place with the Chemistry Club.

Aviation Club

WITH the close of the season for clubs we find that the Aviation Club still holds the foreground in the activities section of the school. Its shop periods have taught more than one member of the Club not only the essentials of model airplane construction but of practical airplane design. We feel that this comparatively new club in our school will achieve the heights that our Math Club has reached. Watch for their model contests in the Drill Hall.

Camera Club

The Camera Club which has been getting along particularly well this year was unhappy to hear of the sudden illness of their faculty advisor Mr. Ford. The members got together and sent him a basket of fruit. With such a popular advisor and such conscientious members we can expect nothing but the best to come from this club.

Current Events

For a club that can teach foreign and domestic affairs in an interesting manner, can make one see history, economics, and business in a new light, the Current Events has achieved a success. From its president to its youngest freshman member there is something interesting that each one has to say. If you care to keep in touch with the world around you, pay a regular visit to the weekly meetings. New members are always welcome.

Military Notes

With the approach of prize drill, Major Driscoll has asked that the announcement be made that boys keep their uniforms in the neatest possible condition. A coat neatly pressed puts in a much better appearance than one that looks as though it has been through the

mill. One important thing to remember is to keep the visor of your hat shined and free of finger marks. And, since there is no preliminary prize drill, we must do twice as well at the Armory to make up for it.

Jordan Kilbrick '35

Wotta Life

I CAN still remember how it started, how he came home that night, his usual happy-go-lucky demeanor gone and in its place a sadness deeper than the human eye could detect. It was an unfathomable mystery.

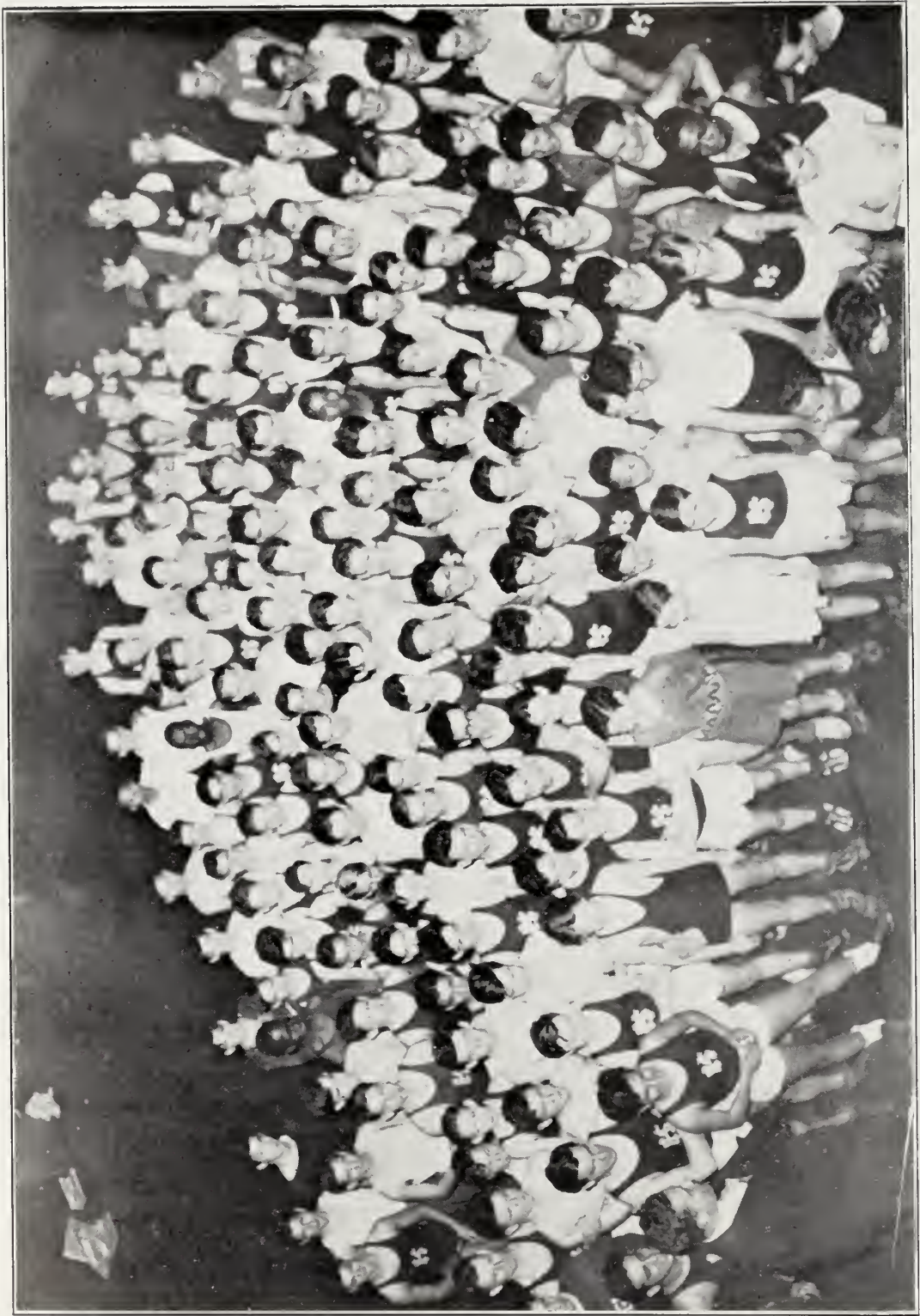
He had left in the morning the way that he always did, and gone in the opposite direction, the day was hot but he jogged along to meet the one I had christened his "soul-mate" but when I came back there he was sitting at the front door with a look that suggested only the deepest hurt.

In the house he wouldn't eat anything, wouldn't say a word, only sat in his corner brooding—ever

brooding. Then suddenly he looked up, a diabolic look in his eye. He turned toward me, his eyes bloodshot, his jaw spasmodically moving up and down. Involuntarily I took a step backwards. Had he gone mad? I soon found out, for he leaped at me; but I was too quick. Jumping from the room I locked the door as he threw his full weight on it. Quickly I threw the lock and rushing to the telephone I called——

But it's through now, the ambulance was soon there. Two strong uniformed men came out, tied him up. Now I'm alone because the Animal Rescue League has taken my dog away.

—J. K. '35



COACH OHRENBERGER TALKS TO THE LADS AS THEY COME OUT FOR TRACK

Courtesy Boston Herald

Athletic Notes

Andover Meet

The Andover Meet this year was a means of molding our top-notchers into shape. We believe that in most cases the competition proved to be beneficial and afforded our stars a taste of competition for the coming Reggies.

Sal DiDomenico, due to a leg injury, failed to make a laudable showing, and we believe that Sal would have been in the "money", had he been right.

Three dashmen carried the colors of the Blue and Blue, Moorfield Price, Victor Dinarello, and Frank Zeimet. These boys did well to reach the semi-finals as the cream of the crop was in evidence.

Dan Lynch placed in his heat but was given such a poor position at the start of the final that Coach Ohrenberger decided to save him for the relay.

In the Thousand, there were three heats and the places were picked by times. When the times were announced we found Arthur Cox at the top of the heap as usual. The nearest clocking to Arthur's 2m. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. was exactly one second in arrears.

"Red" Gill's 9 ft. 10 $\frac{7}{8}$ in. afforded a second in the Broad-Jump. Incidentally, "Red" has been a consistent point-winner and a valuable asset to our team.

Our relay team composed of King, Foley, Cox and Lynch bowed to Latin School in a very torridly-contested race.

Regimentals

Congratulations were in order as the English High School captured the "Reggie" title for the thirteenth, no! fourteenth, wasn't it the seventeenth consecutive time? Well, anyway, seeing that most of the old timers can't seem to come to any conclusions on the subject, your guess is as good as mine.

This year's win was not due to a force of habit, as some folks are led to believe. All the sport scribes predicted a victory for any school, other than English, but the habit of fighting spirit was in evidence as the Blue and Blue triumphed over the Challengers' every attempt.

For the first time in history the Montgomery tracksters were handicapped as the result of the Field Events closed with Mechanics Arts 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ points, Memorial 16 $\frac{3}{4}$, Latin School 12 11 12, English 12 $\frac{5}{6}$, and Commerce 6 7 12.

Eighteen boys from our school qualified for the meet, second in number only to our age-old rival, Boston

Latin School. Of the eighteen, three did not place, and one was unable to compete.

In the Junior Division the first place was taken by Richard Olson. Danny Freedman, his team-mate pushed him to exceedingly fast time, and Joe Sakowicz, who was slated to take honors, had to be satisfied with fourth place. Not bad, eh!

Tom Powers, who was prophecied to nab the foremost honor, and Dickie Phillips, placed third and fourth respectively in the Hurdles. Could be worse!

Irv. Schuman fought valiantly for his Alma Mater, but competition in the 176 yd. run was very keen.

We took two places in the Intermediate Dash with Vic Dinarello and Frank Zeimet racing off with 5 and 3 points respectively. This marked the time when the undergraduates and the good old Alumni emitted heavy sighs of relief and sat back in their seats to enjoy the rest of the meet with ease of mind.

Dick Anderson captured the Blue Ribbon in the Intermediate Hurdles.

The 600 yd. run found the lists void of Blue and Blue entries. We couldn't very well get points there, could we?

The battle between Battles and a boy from Latin School was the most exciting of the day and as usual Rod led in the pack.

Moorfield Price, due to a poor start was only able to receive second place, and we believe Red Gill was entirely overlooked by the judges at the finish.

Sal DiDomenico did well to take fourth place among a very talented field of timber toppers.

In the 300 yd. run, Joe Foley, running a fine race, stepped across the line in fourth position.

Danny Lynch gave us one point by taking fourth place in a record breaking race.

Now to climax the Twenty-Sixth Annual Regimental Meet, we give you the tale of Capt. Arthur Cox's thrilling, record-smashing race in the 1000 yd. run. This feat was expected for Coach Fitzgerald of Latin School kindly relinquished the pole so as to make the new time out of reach for many more years to come. Arthur taking the lead from the start, and running a beautifully timed race finished 30 yds. ahead of the nearest rival in this race of a decade. The time was 2m. 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., establishing a new record. Just the thing for the most outstanding captain of the most outstanding team on the floor that day. And so, again that grand old Blue and Blue Banner will take its place of honor at the 101st. Infantry Armory to watch the 27th Annual Regimental Track Meet. And now we leave you to dope out whether English won its 13th

1



2



3



4



5



6



TRACK WINNERS

Courtesy Boston Herald

15th, 17th consecutive Reggie Title, or what sayest thou?

Relay Carnival

English, as usual, took first place honors in the annual relay carnival of the Boston schools. The Blue and Blue took four out of the five contests with Latin school, came through with best times in three of the races, and walked away with the meet. If the Regimental method of tabulation was employed the records would read thus; English 15, Mechanics 13, Latin 10, Commerce 4, Hyde Park and Memorial 3, Jamaica Plain, Trade and East Boston 2, and Brighton 1. Our teams were; Junior—Tom Powers, Art. O'Brien, Dick Phillips, and Joe Sakowicz: Intermediate—Rod Battles, Frank Zeimetz, Finbar Sullivan, and Vic Dinarello: Senior One Lap—Price, Little, Di Dominico, and Gill: Senior Two Lap—Yaffee, King, Cox, and Lynch: Medley—Shuman, Anderson, O'Meara, and Foley.

State Meet

OUR track team collected the second most points in the Class A competition. Capt. Art Cox's record breaking run clocked in 2 min. $22\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, $41\frac{1}{5}$ seconds better than the record set last year, was truly the event of the day. This miraculous feat plus Red Gill's second in the Broad-Jump, Price's third in the dash, and a wonderful showing by our relay team netted us 14 points. Our Relay team composed of Yaffe, King, Sullivan and Lynch revenged themselves on our bitter rivals, Latin School, and licked them decisively. The State Meet, this year, rang down the curtain on the indoor track season and left us with pleasant memories of a highly successful team.

Baseball

The call for candidates for positions on the Baseball team brought the number of aspirants expected. Capt. Jay Downey and Lefty Flynn compose the veteran nucleus, but of course, we realize there are seven other positions on the team that are vacant. Capt. Downey is an able leader and the managerial position is competently covered by "Angie"—Musto, so I guess, all we need now are seven players and we'll have a baseball team.

Schedule

Date	Opponent	Place
April 12	S. Boston	Billings
19	Alumni	Billings
20	Charlestown	Billings
25	Brighton	No. Brighton
27	Mechanics	Billings
May 2	Cambridge Latin	Cambridge
4	Jamaica	Billings
7	B. C. '37	Heights
9	Groton	Groton
12	Lawrence Academy	Groton
16	Newton	Newton
18	Dorchester	Billings
23	Trade	Billings
25	B. C. High	Heights
June 2	Latin	Heights
6	Memorial	Billings
9	Commerce	Heights

Key to Track Winners

1. Capt. Cox takes the first corner in record 1000 yd. run.
2. Final of Intermediate Dash—Victor Dinarello and Frank Zeimetz, taking 1st and 2nd.
3. Senior Dash—Woodfield Price and Dick Gill, finishing 1st and 2nd.
4. Anderson makes new Intermediate Hurdle record— $6\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.
5. Roger Battles establishes record in Intermediate 220 yd. run.
6. Joseph Lackowicz, winning Junior Dash trials.

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Materialism vs. Idealism

ALL human beings, we are told, consist of matter and spirit, and just as this is true, so is mankind composed of materialists and idealists; the latter of course being always in the minority.

The world today is tending more and more toward a state or condition of mind that considers the external, the practical facts of life and the universe sufficient rather than probing or delving underneath the exterior; and this modern attitude is recognized as materialism. Is it this recent trend of scientific unimaginative reasoning and practical every day values that is blinding us to the noble ideals and loftiness of minds found in preceding generations?

Our schools and colleges, our people and their habits and customs all show the unmistakable ear-marks of the worldlings we are becoming. Everything is being standardized; art, culture, literature, education—all are being measured and appraised for their solid material value until now there is hardly room for individuality. We stand seriously in danger of becoming a race of mechanical robots, incapable of feeling any emotion, and blind to the beauty of idealism. Chivalry is dead. Art for art's sake has long since ceased to mean something more than idle words. Comparatively few people ever read poetry and there is a decided

decline both in the drama and in music. In our schools more than often grammatical correctness is being substituted for artistic excellence.

The world today has a genuine need for more idealism. It might mean our salvation in more ways than one. For one thing it would most assuredly raise the plane of moral beauty to a far higher level.

However, such a pessimistic outlook is not without its ray of hope. Materialism in some cases is invaluable, and we could no more do without materialists, than we could without idealists; but the pendulum has swung too far to the extreme. Education, for example, offers an excellent illustration of what we mean. Without materialistic practices and concrete values we should perhaps have no Edisons or Watts. On the other hand idealism in education shaped and moulded for us our Shelleys and Keats. Which of the two groups must be reckoned more valuable to the world would be difficult to determine. An Edison as a citizen must be considered more valuable, but as an individual a Goethe would have to be counted superior.

Idealism has to do with the images and functions of the mind; materialism with the body and its wants. We can ill afford to be neglectful of either.

—E. G. M. '34

Speaker:—"I have only ten minutes and I hardly know where to begin."

Voice:—"Begin at the ninth minute."

"Officer, when may I cross the street here in absolute safety?"

"Between 3 and 4 A.M., lady."

Mrs. Gabb:—"So your husband objects to cats."

"Yes, indeed. He says that I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have some tea?"

"Did you hear, dad, they've just caught the biggest hotel thief in New York."

"Oh! Which hotel did he run?"

Too much of the uplift in this country is confined to noses.

Dear Editor:—"What shall I do? I want to surprise my husband on his birthday."

Ans.:—"Why don't you hide behind him and yell 'Boo!'"

Mother:—"How many times must I tell you not to fight?"

Willie:—"Till some other kid licks me."

"How d'ja lose your hair?"

"Worry."

"What d'ja worry about?"

"Losin' my hair."

The English High School Rifle Team

The first step in the organization of the Rifle Team was to elect officers. They are as follows: Roy C. Putnam, Pres., Edwin G. Perkins, Secretary and Publicity Officer, and Wesley Koeler, Treasurer and Executive Officer. Secondly application was made to the National Rifle Association for recognition as an independent group. The team was accepted and granted a charter from Washington. A very attractive pin was also received from the headquarters office for each member.

Major Lannon is the instructor and the entire division is under his jurisdiction. Members are taught the care of the rifle, cleaning, position when not in use, and the terminology of its numerous parts. The squad is divided into relays and marksmanship instruction follows. Safety at all times is closely observed.

At present there are seventy active members, the

following of which have received marksmanship medals and diplomas indicating their rank as Pro-Marksmen: William C. Murphy, Edwin G. Perkins, Edward McLoughlin, Wesley Koehler, Roy Putnam, Richard Anderson, Ivan Collins, Carl Ryan, Francis J. Ryan, George Whitman, Paul R. Melledy, T. J. Daley, and Joseph McDonough.

To date, the bearers of the Blue and Blue have maintained an enviable record. Out of three meetings, the E. H. S. has twice borne the banner of victory. The first match was with our traditional rival, Latin School. The final score was: E. H. S. 210, Latin 188. Mechanics was the second English adversary, and the score which settled that match was: E. H. S. 197, M. A. H. S. 187. In the last rifle meet, the E. H. S. scored but 175 points against the 182 of the competitor, Commerce High.

—T. E. J.

E. H. S. Fencing Team Victorious!

The undefeated English High School Fencing Team, the first Fencing Team in two years at this school, was called into existence this season, through the courtesy of our Headmaster and Mr. Wilson of the faculty.

The squad commenced practice at the First of January. At the first call about forty candidates reported. Within a week, however, this number narrowed down to about fifteen or twenty.

The season's premiere match was against the M. I. T. Freshman Team at the latter's gym, on February 26th. The match was closely contested, but the final score of 5-4 was in favor of the E. H. S.

The Dorchester High School was the next Blue and Blue opponent. The match took place at Dorchester High on March 2. Six of the usual nine matches had been held, when competition was halted by the closing of the school by the Custodians. The score at the time stood: E. H. S. 4, D. H. S. 2, thus giving the victory to English.

The third match was with the team of the Holy

Trinity House, at Shawmut Ave., Boston, on the evening of March 16. The final point reckoning tallied to the following: E. H. S. 8, H. T. H. 1.

The English High Team is composed of the following: Phil Carbonaro, Ben Goldman, Nick Teebagy, Dave Cohan, and Ted Jacobson. The Captain of the Team is Phil Carbonaro, and the manager, Ted Jacobson. Among the members of the squad who exhibit marked ability are: Harry Moskowitz, Charles O'Hare, Bill Rabinovitz, and Morry Golden.

Ben Goldman is the one undefeated member of the team. His success is largely due to his alertness and speed of defense. Capt. Carbonaro is outstanding for the perfect form he utilizes in his contests in both defense and attack. The feature Ted Jacobson takes greatest advantage of, is his quick footwork and his time-attacks. Nick Teebagy fences cautiously, being quick on the riposte and fast on the stop-thrust. Dave Cohan is a new fencer, but he is "up and coming."

The first four team-mates are veterans of the E. H. S. Fencing Squad of '32, captained by Russo.

A traveling salesman passing through town remarked that he thought Salem was just a cemetery with lights. The citizens became very indignant and had the lights turned off.

"Can you act?" asked the movie director.

"Act? Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent who was in the audience fainted."

Ed:—"There's good blood in my family."

Ned:—"Oh! have they had some transfusions?"

'36—"Did you get the license number of the fellow who bumped into you?"

'37—"No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

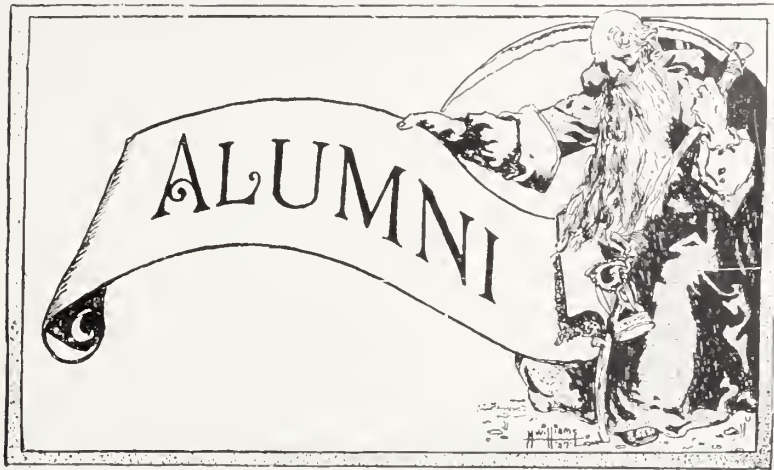
'37—"What'd that guy say when you told him you could tell his past, present, and future circumstances for half a dollar?"

34—"He said I was sure mistaken about his present circumstances."

"Felix didn't go through English High, it went through him."

"What'd you mean, it went through him?"

"In one ear and out the other!"



Paul W. Needham, Circulation Manager of the *Record* last year, is now Circulation Manager of the *Lawrence Elm*, Lawrence Academy.

The Class of '27, held its annual reunion and banquet at Plaza, on January 31.

The Class of '86, held its annual reunion and banquet at the B. A. A., Monday, March 19. Mr. Arthur Norton was toast-master. An election of officers was held and the following were elected.

Charles Schirmer..... *President*
George Dill..... *Sec. Treas.*

The *Record Staff* expresses its sincere sympathy for the family of Mrs. Kirk who passed away at her home in Newton, March 10, 1934.

She was the mother of seven sons who are graduates of English High. Of the seven three were presidents of their classes. Paul Kirk '22, William Kirk '24, Lawrence Kirk '27.

Paul is now President of the English High Alumni Association, and was formerly on the Staff of the *Record* when he attended E. H. S.

The prizes of the various regiments in Prize Drill this year will be given by Clarence Benedict, Sec. of the Class of '92.

Three films pertaining to English High were shown.

1. English-Latin Game.
2. Military Drill and the Public Parade of Last Year.
3. Laboratory and classroom activity.

Among the guests at this reunion were Mr. Downey, Maj. Driscoll, and Mr. Hatch.

There will be an assembly of the senior class in the Drill Hall on Thursday, April 5, this assembly will be attended by the members of the classes of '72, '73, and '74. Clarence Carter, Sec. of the Class of '73 will address the assembly on "English High School and Boston Sixty Years Ago."

John Dorsey, Class of '99, has been appointed treasurer of the City of Boston.

Frank A. Kierman, '32 of the junior class at Wesleyan University, has been elected Art Editor of the *Cardinal*, the student literary magazine. Kierman has been prominent in undergraduate activities, being a member of the Paint and Powder Club and of the Glee Club. He belongs to the Phi Nu Theta fraternity.

The following books were given to the Library, by Clarence Carter, Sec. Treas. of the Class of '73.

Aldrich, Bess Streeter.

A Lantern in Her Hand.

Boston Directory 1789.

Carter, James Richard.

James Richard Carter.

Cavileer, John W.

Model Boat-building for Boys.

Charnwood, Lord.

Abraham Lincoln.

Cook, Sherwin Lawrence

Torchlight Parade.

Coolidge, Calvin.

An Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge.

Dobson, Austin

A Paladin of Philanthropy and other Papers.

Lady:—"My husband is a deceitful wretch, last night he pretended to believe me when I was telling him lies."

Sea (Believe It or Not) Curiosities

DIVING suits weigh about 200 pounds. A series of typhoons generally rage in the Indian Ocean.

The tiger shark rules his domain and will attack at any time. His habitat is generally in the Equatorial countries. He will run from a porpoise, which is one-third his size.

Russian sailors stuff flying fish with tobacco and hang them from the ceiling of their cabins.

The city of Genoa, Italy, was visible to the ships crew of the U. S. S.—Missouri a hundred and thirty-six miles from the port of Genoa; an exact image of the city was visible in the heavens.

The lowest ravine across North America is at Tehautepec. The wind sweeps from the Atlantic Ocean into this dale and into the Pacific Ocean; hence constant gales at this sector of the Pacific.

Rio de Janeiro is the most beautiful harbor in the world. Sydney, Australia, is the largest and deepest harbor.

The U. S. Navy is the only power that is not equipped with a white flag; the token of surrender.

Corregidor, the fortress to the approach to Manila is called The Sentinel of the East.

The Submarine "U20," which sank the Lusitania, is a pile of rusty scrap iron on a shoal off the coast of Denmark.

Pitch Lake, Trinidad—A natural lake of Pitch, constantly bubbling, with its source unknown to this day. Its supply is never depleted.

The old city of Lima, Peru, lies submerged below its harbor. Ships dropping anchor, usually bring up a household article.

Etna and Stromboli, can be heard rumbling long before entering the straits of Messina, Italy.

A vestige of the Gulf Stream is visible one day out of an Eastern port.

When Mount Pelee, St. Martinique, French West Indies, blew up, ashes were strewn about the decks of ships three hundred and seventy miles away.

—S. Kailz



The Game of Business

It is all right to talk about "born athletes" and "born business men" but let us examine them. In the first place, they are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth; and in the second place they are "born" that way because they use their brains to cultivate their ability, whether it is football or selling bonds.

Watch them when they swing at a golf ball in practice, or shoot a hockey puck toward the goal, or warm up in baseball or football. Each move is intended to improve their game. It is the same in business. In the training period, each move should have a bearing on your future success. Train right and practice right, and you will soon stand out from your competitors and opponents.

If you were just starting to play golf, or football, or baseball, you would learn the fundamentals and then go ahead with the practice or training. So in business, don't jump into the game of business without some training. Experience is a long and costly teacher. Learn some of the fundamentals such as Business Letter Writing, Accounting, Salesmanship and Advertising, then get your experience.

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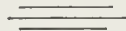


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SAVE TIME ENTER NOW

Jokes

In a recent E5 class an explanation was in order regarding allusion. The teacher asked the class with what weapon Samson slew the Philistines. He got no reply.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to his jawbone.

"The jawbone of an ass!" was the prompt reply of a scholar.

"What can you play on that fiddle?"

"O, I can play anything."

"Can you play the piano on it?"

1st burglar:—"Come on, let's figgur out how much we made on this haul."

"Oh, let's wait and look in the morning paper."

Ed:—"I say, George, where do you buy your type-writer ribbons?"

George:—"I don't, I usually buy her flowers."

Tho they had never met B4
What cause had she 2 care
She loved him 10derly because
He was a 1,000,000 aire.

HEARD AT THE PROM.

She:—"Shall we waltz?"

He:—"It's all the same to me."

She:—"Yes, I've noticed that."

Stout lady:—"Oh, I heard something snap. It was my girdle."

Bright son:—"That's all right, that salesman said it reduces the waist and busts."

Maid:—"You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin handed down from generation to generation?"

Mistress:—(anxiously)—"Yes?"

"Well, this generation 'as dropped it."

First:—"Has any of your family relations ever been traced?"

Second:—"Yes, they traced one uncle of mine as far as Canada once."

"My razor doesn't cut at all."

"Come, come!" replied the wife. "Your beard isn't any tougher than the linoleum I cut with it yesterday."

"And can you cook like mother used to?"

"Yes, if you can stand indigestion like father used to."

1st Laywer:—"Yesterday you said your client had a chance to go free, but now you say he hasn't. Did you uncover some damaging evidence?"

2nd Lawyer:—"Yes, I found out he didn't have any money."

Fresh:—"I saw a dog who could do a somersault."

Soph:—"That's nothing. I saw a horse turn cart-wheels."

Joe—"A dog has just bitten my chum!"

Teacher:—"Shall I send for the doctor?"

Joe:—"No, send for a veterinarian."

E. H. S.:—"So you walk to work every day for the sake of your complexion?"

G. H. S.:—"Yes, I save enough on carfare to buy the stuff."

Junior:—"Believe me, I pick my friends."

Senior:—"Yes, to pieces."

Ike:—"A friend of mine released one of my homing pigeons in San Francisco and it arrived in Boston the very next day."

Mike:—"Impossible!"

Ike:—"Not at all. He hitch-hiked on an airplane."

"I made my money selling penny cups of orangeade."

"Really?"

"Yes, I sold them for a nickel."

Soph:—"Would you eat turkey without stuffing?"

Senior:—"No, and the better it is the quicker I'm stuffed."

First student:—"I'll take my hat off to that man."

Second Student:—"Yes, and ask him to put a dime in it."

'34—"And what's more, I'm a match for you any day in the week!"

'35—"All right; you needn't flare up."



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